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WALLACE WEARS:
AN APPRECIATION

by Colin Todd

"My news for you is very sad, as dear Wallace died in hospital on 10 September '97, the burial was on 16 September by a Catholic priest, with his immediate family and friends present - all C. of E. except one. They did not know he had become a Catholic. There were six of us from the Society plus a group of six men of all ages who stood by his graveside and who had arrived together from Newcastle.

Yesterday, 22 September '97 he had a full Requiem Mass, all Society people present, when we felt so close to our dear friend Wallace, many thoughts and prayers directed his way, so he was well churched and mourned by a lot of people from all walks of life. A very good gentleman and a fine Christian Englishman...."

(From a letter received at *Candour.*)

The name Wallace Wears may not mean anything to most *Candour* readers but to those of us who had the privilege of knowing Wallace he was quite simply an inspiration.

I first met him in the mid-eighties. At the time I was a National Front organiser in the North-East and Wallace had responded to one of our posters in Newcastle. We arranged to meet at Grey's Monument in the City centre one evening soon after and enjoyed a pleasant beer and long chat at a pub by the Quayside. Wallace it turned out was a retired insurance salesman, had been born and still lived in North Shields and widowed for some years. For a very long time he had fretted over the state of our nation but, a familiar problem, had found it impossible to contact others of like mind. Now the wall was breached!

For years, as I was to find out later, Wallace had suffered from health problems. Indeed he had failed his medical to join the forces at the beginning of World War II. How poor his health was I believe (I hope) none of us appreciated at the time. It was not an issue with Wallace. He read every book and publication I could give him. He was the first there with me on activities and the last to leave. On freezing, snowy evenings, even if no one else showed, I knew I had to turn out because Wallace would wait for hours to go leafleting or postering.

One of our main activities was street selling our publications. In particular *NF News.* As those who have done it can testify this can be one of the most unpleasant and demanding tasks that activists can do. We had members who shied away from this. Not Wallace. For some years we had built up a sales 'pitch' outside St. James's Park, the home of Newcastle United Football Club. We had a hardcore team of 5-6 activists who turned out to sell for an hour before every home match. Wallace now joined us. We could sell up to 150 papers a time and with donations this was an important source of revenue as well as propaganda.

This fact had not escaped the attention of the council funded *Tyneside & District Anti-Fascist Association.* Large and aggressive demonstrations were organised and people wishing to buy our papers or say hello now had to force their way through a barrier of 'reds' 3-4 deep and numbering in total up to 120. This was also our problem, just how to get to the sales 'pitch' in the first place! We would not give in to this, least of all Wallace. He was singled out at first as being most vulnerable, pushed, punched and spat at. He never once flinched or took a step backward. The police were looking for *us* to begin trouble so that our operation could be shut down. We need not have worried. Not only those who bought our newspapers regularly were incensed by this behaviour of the 'opposition' but men who would never dream of buying a NF paper came barging through the blockade knocking students from the 'soft' South to the ground and pushed 'fivers' into our pockets. Happy Days. It was then that my great respect for Wallace grew to admiration (and the mass demonstrations soon became a face-saving token picket).

I do not have space here to go into the details of the assault on Wallace in the main Newcastle shopping centre, (he was out leafleting the next day) or many other incidents, such as his appearance on a TV documentary by Northern Eye titled *Clutching at Straws*; and the number of times he came to the rescue when money was short. However the time came when I left Newcastle and became involved with another group after the disintegration of the NF. Wallace also became extremely active with The Third Position and travelled to camps and conferences throughout the country as well as working locally. He also took to foreign travel....

When the farm project started in France Wallace volunteered to go and help with labouring jobs there. By now he was in his seventies and finding walking more difficult but he went and did his stint just the same.

Always, unintentionally, Wallace made others look to their laurels.

He went to Spain for a 20th of November rally in Madrid attended by thousands of comrades from all over Europe paying tribute to Jose Antonio and Franco. He went to Belgium for another rally, and finally this year, '97, Wallace went to the Shrine of Our Lady of Fatima in Portugal, having been baptised into the Catholic faith at Forest House on 11 August 1996.

In her letter to us telling of Wallace's death our friend writes; "He had really loved attending all the ceremonies at Fatima as well as doing the outside Stations of the Cross which led to the place where the Angel of Fatima appeared and then on to the village where the three little children had lived."

Thank you Wallace, even you alone would have made the last decade's struggle worthwhile for me....

USURPERS INCORPORATED

by Rosine de Bounevialle.

Much time and space in the *Samizdat* press is lately being spent on analysing the intentions and political actions of the nations' so-called rulers and the part that they - or some of them - play in the so often ridiculed 'conspiracy' aimed at the usurpation of the powers that *should* rule nations, in favour of the power that intends, first to dominate and finally to bastardise and destroy them, i.e. The Jewish Money Power.

A faithful, long-term supporter in the U.S.A. has sent us the September-October issue of Pastor Earl E. Jones' *Intelligence Newsletter, Christian Crusade for Truth,* which is concerned with tracing the geneology of the one time husband of Diana Spencer, whose allegedly accidental death in a mysterious car crash generated a media wave of hysteria which echoed and re-echoed round the as yet *un*-unified world. One paragraph in the article headed "Prince Charles, Princess Diana and the U.N.", puzzled us considerably; it was a quotation from the Book of Genesis 1:27-28, concerning God's intention that: "Man, created in His Own Image, should have dominion over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." This was followed by a speculatory paragraph on the supposition that "The wealthiest families in the world are planning on forcing all of us to defy God's command in that passage" - and here comes the puzzling paragraph:

Quote: "That is exactly what they are intending to do and they are enticing us to believe it is a Good Idea, all in the name of 'protecting the environment'. *Could Princess Diana of the House of Stuart have been an obstacle to their plan?*" (Our italics. Ed.)

And that was the last significant mention of "Diana" in the whole issue which was otherwise dedicated to querying what role the British nobility, in particular Prince Charles, have to play in establishing World Government.

Quite rightly the newsletter went on to say that the better to understand the part the British nobility plays in the formation of a world government, it would be fruitful if the reader would study or review the history of England.... But there follows what, to a most *un*-liberal Englishwoman, is some very peculiar "history" supposedly emphasising nobility's One World Role:

1).... "The circumstances surrounding the (sic) Magna Carta being forced on King John, the grandson of William the Conquerer".*

2).... "The agreements between Manassah Ben Israel and Oliver Cromwell marrying the Jews' money with British nobility", thus developing the "British Commonwealth or Empire" - "It has been said that the sun never set on the Commonwealth" (sic).**

3).... "It can also be said that the sun never set on the graves of young English boys who died in the name of the Crown hacking out that Commonwealth."***

4)...."Carroll Quigley, in his book, *The Anglo-American Establishment,* N.Y. Books in Focus, stated: 'They (Rhodes Roundtable Group) feared the British Empire might fail in the same difficulty and destroy British idealism and British liberties by the tyranny necessary to hold on to a reluctant Empire."****

Above: The late Dr. Carroll Quigley, author of *Tragedy and Hope* and other works.

So: Only the first of these quotations relates to the historical situation of England before the Sixteenth Century when the cataclysmic event of the so-called Reformation changed not only English but world history. It is impossible to write about either without any mention of the crack of Christendom. The "Church of England" was the first time a heresy had been turned into an alternative church.

Henry the Eighth, was a spoilt, self-willed syphilitic who in his determination to father a "legitimate" son, forced an illegal divorce on his Queen, Catherine of Aragon, but he did *not* destroy the True Church in England, that was the work of Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury - a secret Lutheran - and was finalised under the unlawfully bred son of Jane Seymour, know known as Edward VI, who died of paternally inherited disease when he was sixteen.

The self-styled noblemen of the time pinned their hopes of retaining both their political dominance and their ill-gotten gains from the ravished religious houses to the permanence of the Protestant Revolution as it was called. Mary I's (Henry's only legitimate child) short triumph over them did nothing to further the restoration of the religious houses or a return to the Faith of the Universal Church. The usurpation continued during the long reign of Elizabeth the First and ended only temporarily with the ascension to the Throne of England of the son of of the legitimate successor, Mary, Queen of Scots who after being for eighteen years a prisoner in England was beheaded for treason! To give her her due, Elizabeth only signed the death warrant because she had no choice; Mary's death was decreed by Walsingham, the controller of the Sixteenth Century equivalent of M.I.5. James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England had been raised and trained by his mother's enemies so there was no difficulty about the continued infiltration of moneylending Hebrews and, of course, the persecution of the adherents to the true

faith, which the vices of the first James did nothing to overcome, so that Charles, his surviving son and heir with his French Catholic wife, was faced with the Cromwellian rebellion which triumphed with the invincible aid of Jewish Finance *and* regicide. The money bought the lenders their "parliament" and their bogus aristocratic status, the occupation not only of the "abbey lands" but those of the Catholic landowners, their people and peasants.

The English were thus dispossessed unless they renounced their ancient faith. Only after the miseries of the Puritanical rule was there a shortlived revolt and the restoration of the son of the murdered king - Charles II, "The Merry Monarch" who being determined "never to go on his wanderings again" maintained himself without the necessity of ever calling a parliament, as Louis XIV, the King of France, subsidised him, in the hope of a restoration of the Catholic faith in England. Charles rather naturally had no intention of risking the "status quo" although he did return to Mother Church during his "unconsciable time a dying". His brother when he ascended the throne as James II, fulfilled the prediction that he would lose the crown his brother had gained. He managed to lose the Royal Seal as well but only in the Thames mud whence it was recovered by his enemies and used in their endeavour to legitimise the ascension of his daughter Mary and her husband William of Orange to the vacant throne. So, the nobility of England were estranged in exile and obscurity until the First Duke of Wellington's Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829.

The identity of the occupant of the Throne of England is now totally irrelevant so long as the "Bank of England" maintains the temporary puppets and the permanent parliament, the Money Power reigns and rules and Talmudic Jewry pursues its devious way on its self-instituted Messianic Mission to rule a world of mongrelised slaves.

And what possible obstacle to all that "Diana" would have posed, "only fools and horses" could have thought up. She was the 'pin-up girl' of the "nature lovers", the AIDS victims, the sodomites and the Kissingers of this one world drive.

Her death did however prove useful as the first major experiment in mass hysteria manipulation with a view to the Millenium and as a spectacular demonstration of mind control.

Above: - Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, Chairman of Bilderberg from 1954 until 1976.

As for the royals: Elizabeth II has declared herself "a citizen of Europe"; the Princes of Edinburgh and Wales are sponsors of the World College and were Bilderburgers alongside - or rather below Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, when he was Chairman thereof. We can give up any idea that there is any regal emulator of Edward VIII, Richard III, Edward II, Richard II and Harold Godwinson, all of whom were character assasinated and the last four either killed in battle or murdered, to be replaced by USURPERS INCORPORATED or the minions therof.

So we repeat: forget the titles; put our trust in ourselves - the poor, bloody infantry - we can win battles better than any other as long as we remember "It is not 'evil things' we shall be fighting" but evil himself and his demons. If we want victory, there must be no "peace treaties" only damnation will do. Remember where this war began and fight with our eternal King that *HIS* will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven.

FOOTNOTES:-

*I have no idea what the signing of the Great Charter has to say to anything concerning One World.

**Correction. "The Empire on which the sun never set."

***The original Victorian Empire of India had a native population of 350,000,000 and was managed by a mere 35,000 British administrators. The "young English boys" for the most part were slaughtered in contrived and unnecessary European wars - unnecessary for the combatants that is.

****What reluctant Empire? When the Prince of Wales, who became Edward the Eighth, was sent on a tour of the Empire after the First World War he was welcomed with almost hysterical enthusiasm by the Indian "Untouchables" - the people without caste in that class ridden society - "All hail to the Son of the King Emperor" they enthused, though not one of them laid a finger on him so great was their veneration for the mighty prince who greeted them as human beings.

QUOTE....

To justify changes, teachers must condemn what is old.

To modern scholar-types, certainty is a sin: they are too proud - they "prize the doubt, low kinds exist without".

Moderns hate the past because they fear it: "there have been so many harsh heroisms that we cannot imitate".

G.K. Chesterton.

However Did It Happen to Me ?

CHAPTER II

by Rosine de Bounevialle.

So, come 1939, and the war that was forced on Hitler, though, of course, I, at the time was as politically ignorant and duped as everyone else among "the people", but wily old Bob Sievier had smelt chicanery ever since we had all sat together listening to Edward VIII's abdication broadcast. When his forebodings were justified with the

declaration and the "phoney-war" he said it would last even longer than the last conflict and that England would be ruined whatever the result so as he could do nothing useful for his country and the horses he loved would be "confined to barracks" so to speak, he resigned himself to die, and did so, peacefully at his home in Ifield Wood on October 8th, 1939, at the age of 78. He was "a great gun" and although we missed him very much, the confirming of his predictions during the following years made us glad that he had not had to endure them. God's mercy, surely was not denied him.

By 1938 our lease of the Ifield Wood cottage (Beaumont Lodge) had run out and we had moved to an even smaller abode in Ifield Village only a mile away until my brother, on account of re-armament, was transfered from Airspeed in Luton to the same firm's establishment in Portsmouth, and our parents returned to the now vacant ground floor apartment at 94, King's Avenue, London, SW4., where the whole property (House, filling-station, lockups and repair shop) had been made the subject of a London County Council Compulsory Purchase Order, the like of which had been clamped on every property in the locality that had fifteen rooms or more situated in gardens of half-an-acre plus. All our neighbours had sold but the Bounevialle's, of course, had contested the price (4,500 pounds) determined by the Council for "94" whose then present market value was in the region of 20,000 pounds. The L.C.C. claimed that we had not had "planning permission" for the business establishment, ignoring the fact that the Town and Country Planning Bill had yet to become an *Act* of Parliament at the time that the conversion was complete.

So the Council kept threatening us with THE TRIBUNAL (!) to force the acceptance of their inadequate offer and we kept saying "Yes, do let us go to The Tribunal for judgement". Stalemate.... and thus it remained "for the duration."

At the same time, the tenant of the filling-station forecourt, garages and repair shop etc: announced that he would pay only half the agreed rent, as "there would be petrol rationing." My mother still had 900 pounds to pay off the Lloyds Bank loan with which she had supplemented the cash from her aunt Miss Elizabeth Smith of Barnard Castle, which interest free loan had paid for the original adaptation of house into the silver plating business in the basement and the conversion into self-contained flats of the rest of the house. In that basement, my father operated a silverplating business, and in 1923/4 won a contract with the Canadian Pacific Railway to manufacture his own design for ashtrays to be given away as souvenirs by the Canada House at the Empire Exhibition held at Wembley in 1924. The contract was for three hundred thousand ashtrays and was won against all the manufacturers in Birmingham. The proceeds paid for the development of the rest of the property except for the two year delay in obtaining the essential petrol storage licence which had been successively refused by the L.C.C., the Ministry of Health and had hovered in the Home Office until it was finally granted by the Crown Solicitors - all that about a three pump petrol filling station in Clapham Park! The two year delay was what made the nine hundred pound debt, but all would still have been short term but for the war and the tenant only paying half the rent.

So there we were, whilst the war was still "phoney", faced with receiving only half of what was an inadequate income anyway as the tenants of the flats had fled "for fear of bombs." My indomitable mother went the Bank's solicitor and asked him to serve a summons on the recalcitrant garage tenant. The solicitor told her it would be useless, as the tenant (named Packham) would certainly be judged justified in his refusal to pay more. "Nonsense", said Cis, "There is no moratorium on bank loans so there can be none on rents." So, rather sulkily, the lawyer did as she told him. When the case had been before the magistrate, we went to the bank to hear the result; a written judgement was produced which we were told permitted the tenant to remain "in situ" paying half-rent: "half-rent and mesne profits" was what the judgement said, but what we did not understand, and what the crooked lawyer did not tell us, was that the phrase meant that the tenant, Mr Packham could stay there as long as he paid the full rent ("mesne profits") plus half that sum each week until the debt was paid off. If the word had been "demesne" we might have known what the true judgement had been, but it was not and we did not, so the anomalous situation continued because naturally my mother had to agree that it would be useless to appeal.

My father, in the meanwhile had obtained a position of Inspector of Ordinance machinery in the Ministry of Supply in Woolwich and my brother had wangled his way out of his "reserved occupation" into the Royal Air Force to train as a Beaufighter pilot, first in some camp in the Midlands and afterwards in Rhodesia.

Whilst "the phoney war" continued, my mother and I stayed in the "semi-bungalow" in Hampshire, five miles from Petersfield and one from Longmore Training camp for Royal Engineers, we had occupied the place on lease since the summer of 1939.

As soon as Neville Chamberlain had made his Sunday radio announcement: "It is evil things we shall be fighting" etc: the programme for "evacuating the children" from the cities was all the thing.

My generation had been brought up in the age when most of the "middle class" had nannies, cooks, housemaids or, at least, "dailies" to do the chores, and we had had at various times, some of each kind, so to speak. Most of the "maids" came to us from the orphanage which was run on the same lines and by the same order of nuns, adjacent to one of the Convent schools I had attended from the age of six, first as a full boarder (whilst the parents were moving house) and afterwards as a "day boarder". The nuns used to help to fit these orphans for life by providing them with a good Catholic education and the equivalent of a trouseau when they became of an age to seek outside employment as apprentices or in "domestic service" if they had no apptitude for any other trade or profession. Obviously, the nuns chose what they hoped were "good Catholic homes ", in which to launch their fledgelings. Ours was one; so we had a succession of girls of varying brains and abilities whose ambition, rather naturally was to attract some suitable male, marry and produce a family of their own. My mother was extremely popular with all of our orphans who attained such status and many of them returned for help, advice or just social visits at irregular intervals, but especially if they had problems. One in particular, having come to announce her imminent wedding, was congratulated, given a present and exhorted to "stick to the faith" as her fiance was not a Catholic but quite amenable to: "the children being brought up as Catholics" etc. We saw no more of her until two or three years later - not sure which - she arrived one day in tears (when we still lived in London) to say that her baby was very ill with pneumonia and please would my mother come as she was afraid she might die and

she was not baptized! It seemed that it was nobody's fault but Lily's, who now was hoping for a miracle! My mother said, of course the child should be baptized, and proceeded to do it with the exhortation to the erring parent that she should return to the practice of her religion and not indulge in superstition - for the child was not, in fact, dying but rapidly recovered her health, after which we heard no more of either mother or daughter until the 1940 panic stations, when we were begged by the weeping mother to accept her darling child as an "evacuee".... It was no surprise to discover that Lily was as "lapsed" as ever and her daughter who was then about eight years old was, though baptized, an innocent heathen. As soon as "invasion" was no longer expected the "evacuee" was collected and re-installed in the bosom of her family where one supposes, "the uneven tenor of her existence" was resumed.... Hope all the nuns' seeds did not fall on such stoney ground.

By this time, the conscription of females looked to be certain, and as I had no desire to be "in the forces" or a "landgirl", I answered an advertisement placed by the G.P.O. (General Post Office) asking for applicants for positions requiring "slight engineering". So, off to an interview in an office in St. Paul's Churchyard vicinity in London.

After joining a short queue in a waiting room, I was ushered into "audience" where a commanding looking personage seated on what appeared to be a rostrum, gave me a page of print to read. It was of "the Cat sat on the Mat" standard. After that, another piece of paper required answers to the most elementary sums of addition, subtraction and division, which I gave. Then I was informed that the telephonists' hours were forty-eight a week and the pay fifty shillings. I said, "But wasn't there something about engineering?" Whereupon, the personage drew herself up like the caterpillar in *Alice in Wonderland* and said: "We are willing to make you a telephonist", so I crept back into my cheese and accepted.

So I was enrolled and told to report on the next Monday morning to Museum Exchange in Tottenham Court Road for Switch Board Training.

In the meanwhile, my father's youngest sister, Aunt Milly, volunteered to find me accomodation I could afford on my fifty shillings a week. She went to a Convent hostel run by the Sisters of Charity ("White Wings"), where she obtained for me a cubicle to sleep in and three meals a day for the all-in sum of twenty-four shillings a week - all on the strength of my maternal grandfather, Mr Valentine Smith, "the great Catholic tenor" also known as Fabrini, the tenor with top "C". Sister Theresa, the Sister Superior was *most* impressed.

Everone at home in Rake, Liss, Hampshire, was astounded. "What on earth are you doing?" They said: "Everyone who can is going to the country, why are you going where the bombing is?"

My poor mother, alas, had more "evacuees". This time a family of four; father, mother and two children - or possibly the adults were the grandparents - anyway Cis (I had called her Cis since I was sixteen to break my father (Alec) and my brother, Casimir (Cas) of their suddenly acquired habit of calling my mother, "Ma-*Ma*"). Cis, being the sort of person she was, was very soon on the verge of starvation since she found it impossible not to share her own meagre rations with the hungry lodgers. Alec was then still in Woolwich but was later transferred to Birmingham. (Once "the second city of the Empire") in the Midlands. When he applied for the Statutory Lodging Allowance on transfer, it was refused on the grounds that he was now based there! True to form he refused to accept that.... So - Aunt Milly once more came to the rescue. She took my mother to stay with her in her rather "up market" safe suburb: Carshalton and "fed her up" (probably on the Black Market) to renewed vigour, in the meanwhile finding us accomodation in a small block of flats in Westminster within walking distance of my various places of employment in the vicinity of Whitehall, which made it possible for Cis and I to live there with (at first) the financial aid of a "lodger" recommended to us by newly acquired friend, Sophia Dragana Vanandian, of whom more later.

Alec, my obstinate parent, having failed to reach any agreement with the Ministry of Supply over lodging allowance, decided to live with us in Buckingham Gate in place of the "lodger", and travel to Birmingham every working day in order to do his job of visiting the various factories in the Midlands area to "inspect the production factories of ordinance machinery" and so fulfil his side of the contract. He did this during the remainder of "the Blitz"', travelling every weekday at 6am to Birmingham by train from London and spending the day there until six in the evening, travelling by public transport to the scheduled factories in the district, returning again to London by train, which on account of air-raid warnings might be held outside the city until the "all clear" so that my weary parent did not reach home until midnight. He did this every working day for nine months rather than submit to the cheating diktat of bureaucracy.

We had to live up to that, didn't we?

The Murder of Sir Michael O'Dwyer, 1940

This is a piece of additional information which came to us *after* the *APOLOGY FOR AMRITSAR* article was completed.

On Wednesday, 13 March - a joint meeting was held at Caxton Hall of the East India Association and the Royal Central Asian Association. Some 160 people had gathered for the purpose of hearing a lecture - 'Afghanistan: The Present Position' - given by Brigadier-General Sir Percy Sykes. The Secretary of State for India, Lord Zetland, was in the chair and several distinguished elderly gentlemen sat beside him on the platform, including Sir Michael Francis O'Dwyer, who had been Lieutenant-Governor of the Panjab in 1919 at the time of the Amritsar riots.

After the lecture, which lasted for about forty-five minutes and concluded at about four o'clock, Sir Michael O'Dwyer made, according to *The Times,* 'a witty speech, which was warmly received.' When the applause had died away the officials on the platform stood up and moved to congratulate each other. As they did so, a burly Sikh walked down a gangway to the front of the hall and at very close range fired all six shots from a revolver into the group on the platform. Several people were injured and Sir Michael O'Dwyer was shot fatally twice in the back. The Sikh, Udham Singh, was overpowered and later charged with murder.

When his lodgings were searched a note of Sir Michael's name was found twice in Singh's diaries for 1939 and 1940, once spelt 'O'Dyer'. It seems Singh confused O'Dwyer with General Dyer!

Singh was subsequently convicted and later executed on July 31, 1940 at Pentonville prison.

PROTAGORAS TAKES A LOOK AT "The Modern World" and its "Freedom".

Visitors to Ancient Carthage have left us vivid descriptions of the wonders of that Phoenician culture now long since vanished. The historian Appian described Carthage as a ship at anchor off the coast of North Africa. The ancients recorded the massive durable structures, the defences, six storey dwellings; the many shrines which evoked wonder in their contemporary chronicles. But there was a dark side to this magnificent city; one that roused horror in many a visitor. There were "holy places" near the Byrsa, by the sancuary of Tanit there was an area of valuable dockland running the entire length of the Merchant area, but it contained no ships, no buildings, warehouses or stockyards; instead it was covered with the burnt bones of thousands and thousands of children - babies - sacrificed to their gods, down through the years of the City's life. *This,* near to the magnificent temples rich in statues, adorned with gold and silver. The Carthaginians sacrificed their children.... a custom held in horror by the Greeks and Romans who abhored human sacrifice. No doubt when Cato, who had visited Carthage, made his grim demand to the Roman Senate. "Delenda est Carthago", "Carthage is to be destroyed", He described the human sacrifice as just one more reason why the city should be demolished.... His cry came true and the city vanished in fire and ruin."

Visitors today to our land would no doubt wonder at *our* great cities with their magnificent buildings, *our* modern technology, *our* teeming centres of commerce, power and wealth that make Carthage seem a very small, primitive village by comparison. Yet over our seemingly permanent civilisation there hangs, as over Carthage, an evil cloud. There are not the bones of thousands of sacrificed infants to be unearthed but there *is* the horrific, overpowering fact that over three million babies have been murdered by abortion in thirty years, not over centuries! This is the evil of our civilisation. There was, although abhorred by the Roman as an horrific wrong, something noble and deeply religious in a people who had such a reverence for their gods that they sacrificed their own children in worship. We have no such religious spirit in the killing of *our* children. *Our* offspring have been aborted (murdered in their mothers' wombs) to honour what god? To satisfy what?.... Liberal idealism? A woman's "Right to Choose"? Materialism and the craving for possessions, that a child might hinder? Even 'careers' and, of course "progress". Progress to freedom of the individual from the bonds of morality - so that men may be as gods.... or "as good as...." wasn't that what the snake said whilst twined round the tree of knowledge? Poor, deluded Man.

It is a double-vision-mirror-state we live in. One that uses all the modern fruits of its genius to keep some tiny child alive and this wonderful skill and dedication, often seen on the TV, is admired and praised, whilst at the same time, often in the same hospital, other tiny children still in the womb are callously done to painful death.... We had the awful massacre at Dunblane when an evil product of such a double visioned society shot fourteen children. OUTCRY! Horror! Draconian laws against law abiding sportsmen to deprive them of their guns. Yet the same demands for "gun control" come from those who have made or would make legal the right to terminate the most helpless life, that of the unborn - hypocrisy, thou art rampant here....

Other people spend time trying to "save animals", especially foxes, yet many of these who are vicious in their crusade against the killing of a cunning cruel animal like the fox, also have no compassion for the defenceless unborn.... Where are the abortion saboteurs? how many abortion clinics have been attacked? Yet how many animal research clinics have been targeted, even surgeons who perform research on animals have had their homes or cars bombed and their hands smashed. Yet the abortionists....?

Recently too we had the once thought impossible sight in the heart of London of 100,000 homosexuals, perverts, lesbians, etc, all parading to demonstrate their demands for rights and equal treatment.... A huge collection of devotees of the deadly sin condemned throughout the ages were boldly and rampantly parading through the Park with banners flying. Open depravity and the results? Leaders of the three so-called main political parties sent messages of support! Support for what was until a few years ago a serious criminal offence. Perversion is positively promoted. Sodomy is now accepted and flaunted while liberal thinkers try to prove that it is natural. Indeed some even suggest that the "gays" are natural, it is the rest of us who are odd.... Or else they try some phoney philosophical arguments. All the time trying to sow doubts especially in the minds of the young and impressionable; forever seeking to spread their vile empire of depravity. Recently a priest was quoted as saying that if God does not soon destroy London, Brighton, San Francisco and Los Angeles, He will have to apologise to Sodom and Gamorrah. Now that is a very sound philosophical statement and one that has very disturbing possibilities. Mankind could indeed be pushing God too far....

Now the sodomites are trying to have the so-called age of consent lowered to 16, (while the present labour government want to raise the legal age to buy cigarettes to 18!) what next? 14, 12? Indeed why an "age of consent" at all?... They will not stop. Those evil creatures who are imprisoned for foul sexual offences against children, look at all this and gloat in anticipation. Those of us who have had to have dealings with them all know that these criminals are now saying: "Our turn will come.... Homosexuality was a crime a few years ago, so we too will one day be allowed 'our thing'." You cannot be surprised at this for how can you suddenly "allow" one sin and still not "allow" another equally, if not more vile? Sin breeds sin.... The great increase of attacks on and murders of, young children - denied, of course, by the powers that be, who say that things are no worse than in the so-called lawful 1930's and '40's - all seems to have stemmed from the time of the legislation on sodomy.... Are the paedophiles and their allies working to some frightful plan? Are they increasing crimes against children so that the public will at last lose its sense of shock and begin to accept the idea that these attacks are caused by frustration of what should be legitimate desires? Will paedephiles soon start to suggest that if they are allowed to practice their vice there would then be no need to murder the children.... Horrific! But this is how evil advances.... once Pandora's box is opened....

Whatever your views on foxhunting, it was heartening to see such a revolt against the overwhelmingly self-satisfied power of the present government, when more than a 100,000 country people converged on London.... and there was even talk of civil disobedience.... the normally well behaved, law abiding folk of this country are at last learning from the great army of the unwashed, the professional (and

well financed and organised) demonstrators who, with the consent (indeed tacit approval) of the establishment, have over the years demonstrated at the drop of every hat, against any and every commonsense attitude that does not conform with "liberal" thought. The list of course, is endless; South African apartheid (alas, poor country, now delivered to Chaos-Incorporated), the Poll Tax, our possesion of atomic defence (if, in fact, we did possess it. Ed.) Now it looks as if "the silent majority" is at last flexing its muscles - "If the brainless mobs of the past did it, why can't we?", is the now widely held opinion. And, oh, see how the liberal thinkers will whine and wriggle in agony.... if it happens, and the signs are that it will. One young country man openly said that they could soon bring chaos worse confounded - and indeed they could as anyone who has driven a few miles behind a tractor can confirm. Imagine hundreds of them on all the roads of England, at the same time.... plus cattle, sheep and pigs, you name it....

Now that our once mighty Empire has finally gone, we are surprise, surprise, being shown on T.V. disturbing customs being practised by those now "independent" peoples - never shown before, of course! Recently, we saw a film about child brides in Ethiopia.... anguished commentary.... But if, thirty years ago someone had reported such customs being of the essence of these peoples so ripe for "freedom from Imperial thrall", what howls of derision would have arisen from the "liberate Africa" lobby. Again, there are reports of widespread withcraft activities in South Africa and Zimbabwe. Ritual murder and witchcraft! If ever such things were mentioned thirty or so years ago, the standard reply was "Rubbish; not in modern Africa among modern Africans". Even the sacred cow of India is having a few liberal brickbats thrown at it. Stories of child slave labour there, are now very commonly reported here, as also from Pakistan.... Well, we all knew this was going on years ago, but whoever mentioned it? Whoever suggested that India, that great, largest democracy on earth, that was philosophical and spiritual could do such wrong?

Plenty of chickens coming home to roost. Africa of course, to the fore front: what with Liberia - the country founded as a new homeland for freed American slaves, a country that has been independent for over 150 years, has had plenty of time to flourish; the list of failures in Africa is now endless. Once well run, happy, prosperous states have now had a good thirty years of freedom.... The killings go on, the sea of misery swells. There are many sad, moving little tales coming out of the now even darker continent. *Protagoras* has a friend who recently paid a visit to Zambia, a country he knew very well in the "bad old days of colonialism". At independence, the Kwacha was worth a pound Sterling, now the pound Sterling exchanges for 1,000 Kwachas.... He found as expected, that everything else had gone to pot. There is almost nothing left. The once magnificent copper mines are down to their last few years of reserves. The once countless bicycles - every African had one - have vanished.... now it is footing again. Only one piece of the structure is still in good order. The beautiful golf courses at a Copperbelt mine; they were just the same as when he had left thirty years ago. The African in charge explained: "We keep the golf course going so that when the Bwanas return they will find it in as good order as when they left." It appears the return of the Bwana is a longed for day in Zambia.

Another friend who stayed on in Zambia until about 1980, had left the equivalent of 12,000 pounds there because the currency controls would not allow him to take them out of the country with him. He returned in 1989 to be told that he could now take his money abroad. He found that his 12,000 pounds could just about buy a round of drinks.

In Zimbabwe a while ago, a gushing TV reporter nearly swallowed his mike when an African ex-guerrilla "freedom-fighter" told him that things had been better after all when the Europeans ran the country - then he used to get his pay....

There was also a sad little film about a European farm running well, that supplied beans for Tescos. The whole African community realised that their living depended on their growing good beans, and they greeted the Tesco buyer on his visits as if he were a king.... songs, dances, etc.... adopting a far more humble, cringing attitude than was ever seen in the Colonial days.... thus do the poor Africans now reap what their "liberalators" sowed.

Hong Kong has shown us the latest hypocritical sell-out. How our so-called rulers tried to make it all look such a great event instead of a cowardly, two faced, betrayal and sell out. There was racialism too in this, by our liberal thinkers, tut, tut, how they cried out for all of the inhabitants of Hong Kong to be given the right to enter the British Isles. Why the Hong Kong Chinese? Because we are told that the Communist rulers of the Peoples Republic of China are not to be trusted with their "human rights". Now recall to mind Rhodesia. That once fair and blessed nation was handed over to an avowed Marxist with bloody hands. Why was it that black Marxists are to be trusted but not yellow ones? Now here we have a fruitful field of debate. What an insult to the Chinese with their thousands of years of recorded history not to be as trusted as the African "liberators" were, whose ancestors only 100 years ago were still in the stone/early iron age and in many cases eating each other. If liberal logic were consistent, over 100 million Africans should have been given British passports just in case their new governments turned out to be abusers of "human rights"....

APOLOGY FOR AMRITSAR ?

A letter to the Chairman & Governors of the "B"B.C.

On Sunday, August 17th, 1997, it was suggested during the 8 a.m. news on Radio 4 that Her Majesty the Queen should, on visiting India later this year, make a "public apology" for General Dyer's actions at Amritsar.

Apolgise for what ---- rescuing a city from mob violence?

In the spring of 1919, following the end of World War I, Bolshevik Russia was threatening invasion of India through Afghanistan, and Bolshevik money was supporting extensive revolutionary activities in India against what Lenin was pleased to call "foreign slave-drivers and beasts of prey." There had been uprisings in Northern and Western India culminating in the (in)famous affair of the Jallianwallah Bagh in Amritsar on April 13th, 1919.

Brigadier-General Dyer's handling of this affair was a superb example of the British knack of restoring law and order with the minimum show of force. Amritsar, a sacred city in the Sikh state of the Punjab, was a centre of the dangerous unrest. The mob had risen on April 10th, burning banks and Government buildings and murdering all Europeans on whom they could lay hands with the exception of one lady-doctor, greatly respected for her work in the city, whom they left for dead in the street. General Dyer arrived

with the Jallunder Brigade on the evening of April 11th. Next day, the 12th, he marched a column round and through the city, not firing a shot but warning by proclamation against the continuance of unlawful assemblies which might necessitate the use of force. Courage and discipline were needed for that march through what was recorded as being a jeering, spitting crowd. Another proclamation to the same effect was issued that evening and a third on the morning of April 13th, when General Dyer marched through all the main streets emphasising by beat of drum his intention to use force should his proclamations be ignored. The people were allowed to assemble peacefully in order to hear what was said.

GENERAL R.E.H. DYER, C.B.
The Saviour of India

Unfortunately the proclamations had no effect and in defiance of his warnings, an unlawful assembly of about 15,000 people armed with lathis (weapons of solid bamboo shod with iron) did collect during the afternoon of April 13th on the Jallianwallah Bagh, a piece of waste ground often used for public meetings. Informed of this, General Dyer proceeded to the Jallianwallah Bagh at the head of 50 Sepoys armed with rifles and 40 Gurkhas armed with kukris (the long curved knife of the Gurkhas). One of the mob was encouraging the multitude to murder, when Dyer's Sepoys opened fire. The crowd immediately began to disperse with the exception of two groups which appeared to be collecting in order to rush the outnumbered troops. Fire was directed at these two groups with the result that the Jallianwallah Bagh was soon cleared.

A feeling of relief was immediate among both British and Indians. Within a fortnight General Dyer received from the leading men of the district an offer of 10,000 Sikhs to fight with the British Government against the Afghan invasion and a request that he would command them. He and his Brigade-Major received the unusual honour of being made Sikhs. Even Ghandi wrote to the *Times of India* that he regretted having embarked on his mass movement of civil disobedience. On several occasions Indian gatherings acclaimed General Dyer as the officer who had saved the situation. For, thanks to General Dyer and his ninety men, order was restored all over India. When it became known after a few days that Amritsar, a main centre of rebellion, had on that afternoon of April 13th, 1919 been cleared of disaffection, not another shot was fired. General Dyer's achievement was recognised by promotion to permanent command of a Brigade and in the following January to temporary command of a Division.

And then, in March 1920, came the Hunter Committee Report.

Under the partnership of Edwin Montagu, (appointed Secretary of State for India despite formal protest from an overwhelming majority of the Unionist Party) and Lord Chelmsford, Viceroy of India, the Hunter Report signalled the end of British Government support for its representatives in India and its encouragement of agitation and subversion. The Report accused General Dyer of firing without warning and of firing longer than was necessary. He was given no military tribunal and no opportunity to defend his action but was deprived of command and ordered to retire to England.

The Hunter Report found "no evidence of an organised conspiracy" thus ignoring the findings of the Rowlatt Report commissioned two years earlier by the Government of India "to investigate and report on the nature of the criminal conspiracies connected with the revolutionary movement in India."

This report under the chairmanship of Mr. Justice Rowlatt produced horrifying revelations of the extent of seditious activities in India and was published in India in July 1918. Its publication in England was unaccountably delayed until after Messrs. Montagu and Chelmsford had launched their "Reform Scheme" for India. This Reform Scheme, envisaging replacement of British by Indian rule admitted that "the number of Indians who really ask for free institutions does not exceed 5 per cent of the population" and that "interest in political questions was confined to a minority of town-dwellers" but nevertheless brazenly announced its intention to "bring about the most radical revolution in the people's traditional ideas" and to "stir 95 per cent of the people out of their peaceful conservatism." Needless to say, this support from "the men on the spot"* had its effect. Agitators like Ghandi and Mrs. Besant redoubled their efforts and well-disposed Indians were discouraged.

Do we detect here a foretaste of the Pearce Commission Report on Rhodesia fifty years later, with its ignorance of local conditions and apparently pre-arranged verdict? Have we, in Montagu and Chelmsford, an earlier version of Carrington and Macmillan? General Dyer's reputation - but not his career - was fortunately restored by a successful libel action brought on his behalf by Sir Michael O'Dwyer, Governor of the Punjab, so why does the ignorant News-desk of the so-called "British" Broadcasting Corporation still refer to the affair as if it was an "atrocity"?

Could it be that Dyer and his ninety men, like black and white Rhodesians fifty years later, upset the timing of the world-conspiracy for world slavery?

Yours Sincerely,

(Miss) H. M. Crawford.
Cornwall.

Dated: 22.8.97.

COPIES TO: The Prime Minister.
The Editor, *CANDOUR.*

* INDIA being a sub-continent. (Ed.)

Meg Crawford's excellent letter used research from *Surrender of an Empire* by Nesta Webster (London 1931).

The list of events that shaped the destiny of India reproduced below was originally printed in 1934 in *INDIA AT THE PARTING of the WAYS, Monarchy, Diarchy, or Anarchy?* by Lt.-COL. John Alfred Wyllie, F.R.G.S., F.R.E.S., Indian Army Retired. The book has a foreword by Sir Michael F. O'Dwyer, G.C.I.E., K.C.S.I. Late Governor of the Panjab.

DECISIVE EVENTS PRIOR TO CONSOLIDATION OF BRITISH RULE.

1664 The British at Surat; Their Struggles with the
1670 Marathas end in success for the former.
1690 Job Charnock hoists British flag on site of modern Calcutta.
1751 French Seige of Trichinopoly raised by Clive's Defence of Arcot.
1756 Suraj-ud-Daula's capture of Calcutta; the infamous "Black Hole."
1757 Clive's Victory of Plassey; British Supremacy established in Bengal.
1759 Dutch Challenge at Biderra ends in Victory for England over Holland.
Bussy's Grant of Northern Sarkars a French Challenge to Great Britain.
1761 Maratha Power shattered by Third Battle of Panipat (against Moghals). Destruction of Pondicherry by English; Retaliation for Fort St. David.
1788 Impeachment, and (1795) final acquittal of Warren Hastings; political animosity persists.
1793 Cornwallis's Permanent Settlement of Bengal; its permanent defects.
1795 Nizam, estranged by bad faith of Sir John Shore, raises army under French officers. Grants territories to these; hence French claims of to-day.
1798 Wellesley assumes Governor-Generalship and induces Nizam to disband his army and dismiss his French officers.
1799 Defeat and death of Tipu Sultan (successor to Haidar Ali), at Seringapatam.

THEIR SEQUEL THROUGHOUT THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

1802 Treaty of Bassien weakens Marathas, whose power is reviving.
1803 British Victories over Maratha Princes at Delhi, Assaye, and Laswari.
British restore Moghal Emperor Shah Alam to throne of Delhi.
1804 Pacifism and Mercantilism again in the Saddle; Betrayel of Friends to placate Enemies.
1805 Vellore Sepoy Mutiny; False Alarm as to Christianization Policy in India.
Home Nomination of Extremist Nobleman (Lauderdale) as Governor-General; E.I.C. refuse him; Lord Minto accepted instead; Mercantilism defeated.
1806 Minto curbs zeal of Christian Propagandists.
1808 Fear of Christian Attacks on Caste Hinduism causes Rising in Travancore.
1811 Minto accompanies Raffles to Java; foundation of Singapore.
1813 E.I.C.'s new Charter only admits Missionaries on special licences.
1819 Ungrateful treatment of Stamford Raffles by Cabinet; dies in poverty.
Marathas defeated at Kirki, Sitabaldi and Nagpur; Earlier reverses avenged.
Peshwa Baji Rao (father of notorious Nana Sahib) pensioned; deported to Cawnpur.
1826 First Burmese War; Annexation of Arakan and Tenasserim.
1827 Lord William Bentinck; Reverts to Shore-Barlow type of Pacifism; Forced to drop it in case of Coorg. Suppresses Sati and Thagi; Adopts Macauly's educational policy; diverts missionary energies to primary Instruction
1833 Fresh Charter declares E.I.C. "Trustees for Crown in service of Government of India," but leaves Company the right to recall Governors.
1836 Lord Auckland, political nominee, appointed Governor-General; his disastrous invasion of Afghanistan and removal of unoffending Amir. Resigns post.
1842 Lord Ellenborough also political nominee; his pompous Proclamations; evauates Afghanistan, but deserts British Captives; continues perfidious policy of Auckland in Sindh; Massacre of abandoned prisoners by Afghans.
1843 Sir Charles Napier's bad faith rewarded by post
1847 as Governor of Sindh. Ellenborough, primarily responsible, is recalled by Directors of E.I.C.
1846 Sikh Challenge; failure of protective
1849 occupation of Panjab under Henry Lawrence; formation of Kasmir State. Lord Hardinge succeeded by Lord Dalhousie; Sikh Challenge repeated; Dalhousie takes it up; annexes Panjab and creates Panjab Frontier Force.
1852 Second Burmese War; Annexation of rest of
1856 Lower Burma, leaving Upper Burma intact. Annexation of Oudh ordered premptorily by Cabinet; Carried out. "The right thing in the wrong way." Violation of personal "Izzat."
1857 Greased Cartridges Blunder; Violation of Caste
1858 Code and Offence to Islam. Compulsory Conversion Scare revived; Nana Sahib's Perfidy. The Sepoy Mutiny and its Aftermath in the Queen's Proclamation; India a Crown Colony. J.S. Mill's Defence of the E.I.C.;

"India will be lost on the Floor of the House of Commons!" Christianization of India forbidden; no prohibition of its Democratization - even more destructive of Caste Hinduism.

1882 Lord Ripon Viceroy; Repeals Vernacular Press
1884 Act and lets loose Torrent of Abuse of Europeans; His "Local Self-Government" Fiasco; The Ilbert Bill so infuriates Europeans in Bengal as to compel Cabinet to recall him.

1886 Lord Dufferin, to check French intrigues in Upper Burma, invades and annexes it. Murderous Rulers, King Thibaw and Queen Supya Lat, deported.

1885 Indian National Congress founded and
1904 dominated by Moderates till advent of Tilak: its conversion into an Anti-European Assassination Club.

LATER PHASES: REBELLION, ACTIVE AND PASSIVE, MET BY SOPS TO SEDITION.

1899 Lord Curzon Viceroy; abandons *Festina Lente*
1905 Principle; his scheme of Reforms; Indian Universities Act; Partition of Bengal; Lands Alienation Act.

1909 Morley-Minto Reforms (India Councils Act); "Good for twenty years to come."

1910 Re-enactment of Press Laws to counter Incitments to Murder; Sir Herbert Risley's speech on State of India; Long List of Assassinations to date.

1911 Partition of Bengal reversed; Transfer of Capital from Calcutta to Dehli; Visit by King and Queen to India; Demonstration by loyaal Indians.

1917 "Disturbing India's Placid Contentment"; Montford Report to Parliament.

1914 The World War; Old India's Extremity, Young
1918 India's Opportunity; World-wide Conspiracies against England in India; Berlin's Indian Advisers; Ghandi's False Friendship in Words and Deeds; Khilafat "Army of God"; The Silk Letters; Collapse of Plot through Turkish Sultan's Deposition.

1918 Northern India in Flames; Lahore, Delhi, Peshawur, Kasur and Amritsar. The Rowlatt Report; Legislation based on it. Government suspend it. "Ghandi's Men" issue Posters enjoining general Massacre of Europeans and rape of their women and children; these take refuge in Prince's States for Safety. General Dyer's firm action at Amritsar saves India for the time; Gandhi applauds it, then opens Inquiry to condemn it; his Friendship with Montagu openly boasted in Parliament by latter. General Dyer praised by Government of India, then denounced and their promise of support withdrawn at instigation of Montagu.

1918 Afghan Invasion of India; Dyer employed to
1920 resist it. The Hunter Commission; Montagu directs exclusion of Afghan Invasion and Peshawur rebellion from their Inquiry; adopts verdict of Native Minority, and directs Government of India to remove Dyer from service. Diarchy Bill passed into law.

1921 Visit of Prince of Wales to India; Ghandi directs its boycott. Is insulted throughout his tour. Dyer's treatment revolts English public opinion; Subscription opened in London for his defence; 30,000 pounds raised in a week.

1922 Montagu dismissed by Prime Minister (Lloyd George); Ghandi convicted and sentenced to six year's imprisonment; Released unconditionally by Government. The Malabar massacres of Hindus applauded by Ghandi as religious.

1924 Dyer's Justification in High Court, London. Socialist premier issues proclamation censuring Judge who presided. Secretary of State (Olivier) follows Suit. Result: No Military Officer doing his duty is safe from ruin; he dare not act as Military Law enjoins, even under promise on Protection.

1927 Death of General Dyer in London; is given
1930 public Funeral. Appointment by Royal Warrant, of Statutory Commission (Simon Commission) under Sect. 84A of Diarchy Act, to report on Working of Act. They do so. Lord Irwin's declaration of ultimate goal of India - Dominion Status. National Congress tear down Union Jack and trample it underfoot. Lord Irwin's inaction; insult to National Honour, thus condoned, remains unpunished to this day. Simon Commissioners' Report illegally set aside without presentation to Parliament; Federation of Princely and Congress India brought a series of Round Table Conferences; Report refused condideration by Indian delegates, among whom one of the Ali brothers, responsible with Ghandi for the Malabar massacres of 1921-22, sits in judgement as a guest of the nation upon whom he has been making War.

1930 Second Round Table Conference breaks up
1932 without framing any scheme to replace Diarchy. Premier, as President of Conference, undertakes to do so himself. Gandhi, in attendance, fails to reconcile Musulman Minority. Third Round Table Conference breaks up, leaving Federation Problem unsolved. Rising Tide of Revolt among Conservative rank-and-file. Unworthy expedients for stifling discussion. White Paper scheme referred to Special Select Comittee. Facts bearing on State of Anarchy in India kept back.

1933 Growing Public Uneasiness; Official Conservatives in National Government alarmed at possible Overthrow of their Party. Meanwhile Indian National Congress declare their refusal even to examine White Paper proposals. Deadlock imminent. Princes inclined to withdraw their provisional adherence to Federation with their open enemies of Congress. Abdication proposals for Government of India Government proposed. Will they share the same Fate?

HOMAGE TO MOTA AND MARIN.

On January 13th 1937, ***Ion Mota*** and ***Vasile Marin*** died at Majadahonda near Madrid, fighting the Communist and Anarchist hordes sent from Hell to attack Spain and the Holy Catholic Church. These two young Romanians were not the only non-Spaniards to die in the Spanish Civil War; many others from different nations died alongside them in the defence of the Spanish Nation and in defence of the Catholic Faith. So what is it that makes these two Romanians stand out in the ranks of the thousands who died as patriots and martyrs in a foreign land?

There are many possible answers to this question, but because we have a limited amount of time at our disposal this evening, I will suggest that it is because they possessed *an Integral Truth* - a Truth whose logic they followed to the point of making the ultimate sacrifice. Many Irishmen - perhaps some 2,000 - went to Spain so as to defend the Church; militants from other countries went to Spain because they were Nationalists and sought to show real solidarity with the Spanish people in their hour of need. Mota and Marin differed from these in that they believed that the Christian religion was ***central*** to the life of the Nation, as central as it is to the life of the Individual. A person without Faith was lost. A Nation without Faith was lost. For these men, a nationalism that was not integrally Christian - both theoretically and practically - was a contradiction in terms. The Church and the Nation were as a Hand to a Glove.

They held this conception of life and lived it daily because they were members of the ***Legion of St. Michael the Archangel***. Indeed, 'members' is too weak a word, too inorganic. Rather they were the fruits of the Legion, for the Legion *was* and *is* a living organism nourished ultimately from the Tree of Life erected in blood and anguish upon the Hill of Calvary.

The Legion, therefore, was *not* a mere political movement. It was *not* a mere association for the defence of the Nation. It was *"a spiritual revolution in action"* touching, forming, moulding the externals of the Nation, which flowed in and out of the soul of the nation and of the soul of every militant. The Legion sought the salvation of the nation not through a party, nor through some kind of reform, but through the creation of a New Man. ***The New Man of dedication and sacrifice***. The New Man that comes from the action of supernatural grace, which takes off the old man and puts on the new.

Mota and Marin, therefore, are not just soldiers, not just militants, but also *missionaries* called to Crusade, to the defence of the Cross. And the defence of the Cross takes place not only in *our* own country, but in ***all countries***. Not only in *our* time, but in ***all times***. Not only in *our* soul, but in ***all souls*** that are, visibly or invisibly, members of the Mystical Body of Christ.

The New Man then is the fruit of the Legionary *Method,* and the Legionary Method is *an expression of the Christian Religion.* The mark of the New Man is the capacity to sacrifice. To sacrifice not a little or a lot; nor even to the point of intolerability. ***But to sacrifice to the point of death***. It is so easy to write; so easy to talk; so easy to give money. Communists, Capitalists and Zionists do this as well as us. We must have a distinguishing mark which they, advocates and victims of a materialist creed, can *never* have: ***an ability to sacrifice without limit***. If there *is* a limit, you have already lost because the enemy will quickly pinpoint *that* limit.

Thus, we see that in a certain way Mota and Marin are a model for those today who want to defend Holy Church and Nationhood. Both men were young - *they sacrificed their youth.* Both men were married - *they sacrificed their personal lives.* Both men were leaders of the Legion - *they sacrificed their positions in the defence of something higher.* Both men were Romanian patriots to the core - *they sacrificed their love of Romania, their love of being at home so as to defend the Spanish Nation, a nation where the very idea of Nationhood was being assailed on the field of battle. For these men, therefore, to defend Spain was to defend Romania.* Both these men were men of sacrifice - *they were formed in the fire of Christian love and moulded on the anvil of Christian asceticism.*

For such men Death was *not* something to be feared. It was something to be ***embraced***. As Christ had embraced it at Calvary. For Mota and Marin had learned from their Master that *"He who wishes to save his life will lose it, whilst he who loses it will save it"*. This is the paradox of Christianity: that Death gives birth to Life. It is this paradox, this blinding truth, that moulded Christendom and the nations of Europe. It was this truth that made it possible for two young Romanians to leave their homes, their families, their country to face a terrible death in a foreign land thousands of miles away.

Their lives and their deaths are *a Proof:*

1. that the Soul dominates the Stomach - *this is our reply to Feuerbach.*
2. that the Spiritual must subordinate the Material - *this is our reply to Marx and Rockefeller.*
3. that the New Man is superior to the Mass Man of modern materialist society - *this is our reply to Disney and MacDonald.*

Their deaths are at once *Examples and Seeds:*

Examples for our times - especially now in an Italy that is so unstable - which preach that it is Action *not* Words, Principles *not* Personalities, Doctrines *not* Parties which count.

Seeds because it is from the blood of martyrs that new generations rise up to fight the powers of World Arrogance.

In the words of Corneliu Codreanu, the Captain of the Legion: *"New Times, New Men!"*

Let us be quite clear: the Legionary Movement, the death of its Captain and the deaths of Mota and Marin are *unquestionably* part of our tradition, part of our world. They are the fruit of the tree that is ***National and Christian***. It is this tree, National and Christian, and *only* this tree which truly inspires fear in our enemies - for it is Body and Soul, Church and State working in perfect

harmony to destroy the preternatural evil which roams and dominates the modern world. Why? Because the Tree of Life erected at Calvary is the *source* of Life and Victory for *all times and all places.*

Thus, we should not be surprised that the Legion is attacked directly or indirectly, subtly or unsubtly. But the indirect and subtle method is always the most dangerous because it neutralizes the most powerful weapon in our hands, *slowly but steadily*, until a day comes when it is corrupted beyond recognition.

I have no wish to be uncharitable this evening, but the demands of Truth must always be our first and last concern.

In the English-speaking world, knowledge of the history and doctrine of the Legionary Movement came to us directly; that is to say, direct from Legionaries forced into exile. It is because the transmission has been ***direct*** that it has fundamentally kept its purity.

Such knowledge has not, it appears, come to Italy in the same way. It has come through third parties like Claudio Muti (whose connections with the occult and masonic powers is notorious) and that school which falsely styles itself *"traditionalist"* in the manner of Evola, Guénon and Schuon, but which is really only syncretism under another name. I do *not* judge these men nor their intentions - that is for God alone who knows the hearts of men - but I ***do*** judge the fruits of their work.

In the works of such people there is much of interest, although they contradict one another substantially. But one theme runs through all such works - the attempt to *"reinterpret"* the Legionary Movement. Behind the flowery language, behind the façade of erudition is the constant attempt to reduce the vivifying Christian life of the Legion to the level of some kind of vague *"religiosity"*. It is affirmed that the Christian spirit was *incidental* to the Legion; that the Legionary phenomenon would have been fundamentally the same without the Christianity. Less emphatically, it is asserted that a Pagan, Hindu, Islamic or Buddhist religiosity would have produced much the same thing because of the alleged *"Golden Rule"* that runs through all these religions.

Such a view of the Legion is dangerous because it is ***syncretic*** - it puts Truth and Error on the same level and mixes them up indiscriminately. It is dangerous because it is a blatant lie. This is simple to ascertain. Ask yourself: *where are the Islamic, Buddhist, Hindu or Pagan equivalents of the Legionary Movement?* They do not exist, pure and simple. A Buddhist Codreanu or a Hindu Mota are ***unthinkable horrors***. Codreanu and Mota ***separated*** from Christ are *meaningless* at best; *devilish* at worst.

A body can have only one soul, for the soul is the life principle. A body without a soul is a corpse. Each soul is unique and directed to one body. There is no body with more than one soul. And there is no transplanting of souls as there is currently of body parts.

Anyone who has eyes and ears, a brain and the ability to understand can see that the soul of the Legionary Movement was Christian. ***First and Last***. No *"ifs"*, no *"buts"*, no *"maybes"*. It is an evil and dishonest spirit that seeks to deny or obscure this self-evident fact. So we should not be surprised that this false view of the Legion, with its non-existent 'religiosity', should now be giving way to Satanist claims on the Legion! This is incredible, but true. The Mutis of this world simply *pave the way,* consciously or otherwise, for the Aleister Crowleys of this world.

In seeking to learn from the Legion, from Mota and Marin, we must ever bear in mind one fact. The Christian religion is the one true religion - and it has been the practice of this religion which produced the grandeur of Europe. *This is not an opinion, it is a verifiable fact.* We must loudly proclaim this truth. Too many Catholic clerics and cowardly laymen have been apologizing for this fact for the last 40 years. They are apologizing for the fact that Christ gave us the gift of Faith.

While we must be civil and correct in our dealings with non-Christians, this does *not* absolve us from proclaiming the Truth at all times and in all places. To remain silent, to be compromising, in the presence of Jews, Muslims, Hindus etc is not tolerance. It is cowardice. Moreover, it is *intolerant* of the Truth that Jesus Christ is the Way, the Truth and the Life and no-one goes to Heaven except through Him.

The Legion knew this. Mota and Marin knew this. We must know this and act accordingly.

On the way to Spain to die, Mota suddenly exclaimed: *"It is beautiful to live in the service of an ideal, but it is sublime to die in its service".*

The Ideal is the imitation of Christ.

The road to Majadahonda was the path to Calvary.

Calvary is the door of Death that leads to Eternal Life.

Let us proclaim then with the Legion: ***LONG LIVE DEATH!***

The above is the text of a speech given recently by a member of the ***International Third Position*** to the Italian nationalist *Circolo L'Araldo* in Turin. It has been reproduced here because we believe that it will be of interest to our readers, but also to commemorate the heroic death of these two Warriors of Christ. *Requiescant in Pace!*

We take this opportunity to recommend strongly to our readership the gripping book, *The History of the Legionary Movement,* written by Codreanu's successor, ***Horia Sima***, and which has been translated and published for the first time in English by *The Legionary Press*. It is available from *The Legionary Press, Forest House, Liss Forest, Liss GU33 7DD* and retails at £8.50 including postage and packing. Kindly make cheques/postal orders payable to *The Legionary Press*. Foreign orders, please add 10% for postage.

Chestnuts from Chesterton.

THE LIES OF JOURNALISM

It may or may not be true that man's great use of language is to conceal his thoughts; but I suppose that we should all agree to the somewhat analogous proposition that the one great use of newspapers is to suppress news. It is quite arguable that suppressing news is sometimes a good thing; and it is quite unquestionable that, whether it is good or bad, newspapers do it. Before newspapers were invented, it was quite impossible to suppress news; the news broke out all over the town like an epidemic. But the newspaper has invented a new kind of superior or authentic statement, the statement in print, and this can be now used to overawe and silence the other natural expression. Two lines of print can silence the tongues of twelve hundred truthful witnesses. Suppose - for the sake of argument - that Dr. Clifford and I got drunk at the Holborn Restaurant and tried to kill each other with champagne bottles: the tale would be told all down the street and by every man when he went home to his wife; and in the age before newspapers it would become as much a piece of solid history as the battle of Blenheim. But nowadays the newspaper would immediately be set in motion to suppress and deny the scandal. I should write a letter to the *Times* saying that Dr. Clifford was my dearest friend, or that I had never seen him in my life. Dr. Clifford would write to the *Times* saying that I was the noblest man the world has ever seen, or that he was in Cairo at the time. The public would believe the newspapers against the witnesses. At last, I think, the witnesses would believe the newspapers against their own eyes.

We have all heard it said that the historians of the future will be under no such disadvantage as the historians of the past in the matter of scarcity of material; that they will have before them thousands of newspapers with the most minute exposition of events. I do not believe this. I think that the future historians, if they go by the newspapers, will know far less about this age than we know about simpler ages, touching which we collect our evidence from the most various human sources - popular rumours, private diaries, angry allusions, cries in the street, anonymous and scurrilous pamphlets. I fancy history would have been very tame if the *Times* newspaper had been going all the time. One can fancy the solemn letters that would have appeared in it. *"Sir, - My attention has been called to the report that I helped to murder Julius Caesar in the Capitol - a report which has no foundation in fact. I should have thought that the friendly relations which, I am proud to say, always subsisted between us, would have rendered such a slander impossible. Yours, etc., Brutus"*. Or, again, you might have: *"Sir, - Permit me to give an emphatic contradiction to those who have connected my name with the regretable death of Mr. Rizzio. I must protest against these fabrications, especially concerning purely domestic events, sanctities of private life of which the public can have, and need have, no knowledge. Yours, Darnley"*. If history consisted entirely of declarations like these it would be not unlike much of the political history of the twentieth century. But I have a suspicion that the future historian will largely throw the newspapers on one side, as we throw aside some merely florid and servile State proclamation in which the King is called the fountain of art and learning and the conqueror of the world.

Which reminds me of another aspect of the situation. There has crept, I notice, into our literature and journalism a new way of flattering the wealthy and the great. In more straightforward times flattery itself was more straightforward; falsehood itself was more true. A poor man wishing to please a rich man simply said that he was the wisest, bravest, tallest, strongest, most benevolent and most beautiful of mankind; and as even the rich man probably knew that he wasn't that, the thing did the less harm. When courtiers sang the praises of a King they attributed to him things that were entirely improbable, as that he resembled the sun at noonday, that they had to shade their eyes when he entered the room, that his people could not breathe without him, or that he had with his single sword conquered Europe, Asia, Africa and America. The safety of this method was its artificiality; between the King and his public image there was really no relation. But the moderns have invented a much subtler and more poisonous kind of eulogy. The modern method is to take the prince or rich man, to give a credible picture of his type of personality, as that he is business-like, or a sportsman, or fond of art, or convivial, or reserved; and then enormously exaggerate the value and importance of these natural qualities. Those who praise Mr. Carnegie do not say that he is as wise as Solomon and as brave as Mars; I wish they did. It would be the next most honest thing to giving their real reason for praising him, which is simply that he has money. The journalists who write about Mr. Pierpoint Morgan do no say that he is as beautiful as Apollo; I wish they did. What they do is to take the rich man's superficial life and manner, clothes, hobbies, love of cats, dislike of doctors, or what not; and then with the assistance of this realism make the man out to be a prophet and a saviour of his kind, whereas he is merely a private and stupid man who happens to like cats or to dislike doctors. The old flatterer took for granted that the King was an ordinary man, and set to work to make him out extraordinary. The newer and cleverer flatterer takes for granted that he is extraordinary, and that therefore even ordinary things about him will be of interest.

I have noticed one very amusing way in which this is done. I notice the method applied to about six of the wealthiest men in England in a book of interviews published by an able and well-known journalist. The flatterer contrives to combine strict truth of fact with a vast atmosphere of awe and mystery by the simple operation of dealing almost entirely in negatives. Suppose you are writing a sympathetic study of Mr. Pierpoint Morgan. Perhaps there is not much to say about what he does think, or like, or admire; but you can suggest whole vistas of his taste and philosophy by talking a great deal about what he does not think, or like, or admire. You say of him - *"But little attracted to the most recent schools of German philosophy, he stands almost as resolutely aloof from the tendencies of transcendental Pantheism as from the narrower ecstasies of Neo-Catholicism"*. Or suppose I am called upon to praise the charwoman who has just come into my house, and who certainly deserves it much more. I say - *"It*

would be a mistake to class Mrs Higgs among the followers of Loisy; her position is in many ways different; nor is she wholly to be identified with the concrete Hebraism of Harnack". It is a splendid method, as it gives the flatterer an opportunity of talking about something else besides the subject of the flattery, and it gives the subject of the flattery a rich, if somewhat bewildered, mental glow, as of one who has somehow gone through agonies of philosophical choice of which he was previously unaware. It is a splendid method; but I wish it were applied sometimes to charwomen rather than only to millionaires.

There is another way of flattering important people which has become very common, I notice, among writers in the newspapers and elsewhere. It consists in applying to them the phrases *"simple"*, or *"quiet"*, or *"modest"* without any sort of meaning or relation to the person to whom they are applied. To be simple is the best thing in the world; to be modest is the next best thing. I am not so sure about being quiet. I am rather inclined to think that really modest people make a great deal of noise. It is quite self-evident that really simple people make a great deal of noise. But simplicity and modesty, at least, are very rare and royal human virtues, not to be lightly talked about. Few human beings, and at rare intervals, have really risen into being modest; not one man in ten or in twenty has by long wars become simple, as an actual old soldier does by long wars become simple. These virtues are not things to fling about as mere flattery; many prophets and righteous men have desired to see these things and have not seen them. But in the description of the births, lives and deaths of very luxurious men they are used incessantly and quite without thought. If a journalist has to describe a great politician or financier (the things are substantially the same) entering a room or walking down a thoroughfare, he always says, *"Mr. Midas was quietly dressed in a black frock coat, a white waistcoat, and light grey trousers, with a plain green tie and simple flower in his button-hole".* As if anyone would expect him to have a crimson frock coat or spangled trousers. As if anyone would expect him to have a burning Catherine wheel in his button-hole.

But this process, which is absurd enough when applied to the ordinary and external lives of worldly people, becomes perfectly intolerable when it is applied, as it always is applied, to the one episode which is serious even in the lives of politicians. I mean their death. When we have been sufficiently bored with the account of the simple costume of the millionaire, which is generally about as complicated as any that he could assume without being simply thought mad; when we have been told about the modest home of the millionaire, a home which is generally much too immodest to be called a home at all; when we have followed him through all these unmeaning eulogies, we are always asked last of all to admire his quiet funeral. I do not know what else people think a funeral should be except quiet. Yet again and again, over the grave of every one of those sad rich men, for whom one should surely feel, first and last, a speechless pity - over the grave of Beit, over the grave of Whiteley - this sickening nonsense about modesty and simplicity has been poured out. I well remember that when Beit was buried, the papers said that the mourning coaches contained everybody of importance, that the floral tributes were sumptuous, splendid, intoxicating; but, for all that, it was a simple and quiet funeral. What, in the name of Acheron, did they expect it to be? Did they think there would be human sacrifice - the immolation of Oriental slaves upon the tomb? Did they think that long rows of Oriental dancing girls would sway hither and thither in an ecstasy of lament? Did they look for the funeral games of Patroclus? I fear they had no such splendid and pagan meaning. I fear they were only using the words *"quiet"* and *"modest"* as words to fill up a page - a mere piece of the automatic hypocrisy which does become too common among those who have to write rapidly and often. The word *"modest"* will soon become like the word *"honourable"*, which is said to be employed by the Japanese before any word that occurs in a polite sentence, as *"Put honourable umbrella in honourable umbrella-stand"*; or *"condescend to clean honourable boots"*. We shall read in the future that the modest King went out in his modest crown, clad from head to foot in modest gold and attended with his ten thousand modest earls, their swords modestly drawn. No! if we have to pay for splendour let us praise it as splendour, not as simplicity. When next I meet a rich man I intend to walk up to him in the street and address him with Oriental hyperbole. He will probably run away.

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"KAUFMAN LECTURE DISMAYS THE CHESTERTON DIEHARDS"

The Jewish Chronicle thus headlines a "news" report by one Jenni Frazer in *The J.C.* for 14th November, 1997.

She begins: "It was an unappetising lunchtime for members of The Chesterton Society."

It seems, "The Society's Secretary, Denis Conlon, acknowledged that it had been a risk to invite Mr Kaufman to deliver its 17th Annual Lecture on Tuesday."

A risk of what, one must ask? That the M.P. "- who described himself as an avid reader of Chesterton - made a damning and damaging case against the prolific author ....who died in 1936"?

Surely there was no *risk* of this occurence - it was a certainty - what "Jewish M.P.", or indeed a non-Catholic Jew of any kind would pass up the invitation to quote, sometimes out of context, the alleged opinions of one of the most skilled and entertaining debaters of his time when he is no longer available to reply?

G.K. Chesterton is dead but "the hollowcost" is much alive so it is no surprise that *The Jewish Chronicle* reported none but Mr Kaufman's remarks. Did the Chairman not venture to uphold G.K.C.'s contention that he "was not an anti-semite,"? An inaccurate expression apparently invented by Talmudic Jewry to prevent any reasonable discussion on the most fundamental facts of life likely to decide whether the nations of the earth will be ruled by God or Mammon, which latter is only another name for the Devil.

Mr Kaufman quoted a 1933 interview Chesterton had with *The Jewish Chronicle* in which the author, condemned Hitler but said he still thought there was a "Jewish problem" and so on, and so on.... Kaufman went on to quote from another article by Chesterton which appeared elsewhere the same year, headlined "The Judaism of Hitler", when the author maintained that it "was only just for Hitler to to say that Jews had been too powerful in Germany".... and that Jews "had been involved in an obscure conspiracy against Christendom, which some of them can never abandon...."

The M.P. concluded: "The problem with Chesterton was that he was profoundly anti-semitic - and not superficially so. Though he was undoubtedly a Zionist, his being a Zionist did not stop him from being anti-semitic."

Tailpiece: "The case made, a dispirited Mr Conlon invited members to purchase society souvenirs. They had he said, rather a lot of Chesterton ties in stock."

We cannot help feeling that what all that called for was a blast from a resurrected Chester/Belloc....

Quote: It is always worthwhile, I think, to hammer at truths which one knows to be important, even those which seem to others, at their first statement, mere nonsense. For though you may die under the imputation of being a man without sense of proportion, or even a madman, yet reality will in time confirm your effort. And even though that confirmation of your effort, the triumph of truth, should never be associated with your name, yet it is worth making for the sake of truth, to which I am sure we owe a sort of allegiance: not because it is the truth - one can have no allegiance to an abstraction - but because whenever we insist upon a truth we are witnessing to Almighty God. **Belloc** - *The Cruise of the Nona.*

ANOTHER STALWART TO MOURN

On return from a visit to Louisiana last month, came the news of the sudden death of our friend and colleague, Moyna Traill Smith, whom we first knew as an ex-Kenyan member of the League of Empire Loyalists, in London, on a visit from her new home in South Africa. We remember her in action, grabbing microphones from Ban-the-Bombers in Trafalgar Square and on other platforms desecrated by assorted Reds and pale Blues who made up the vociferous ranks of the Capitalist/Communist scene in those days.

In 1973, after A.K. Chesterton died, she stayed with us in England and helped to keep *Candour* in being. When she returned to South Africa in 1975, Rhodesia existed no longer and South Africa was on the slippery slope above the same abyss, but nothing daunted she continued in the Candour League of South Africa, but as we know, its warnings found small response even in the Rondebosch neighbourhood of Cape Town, now just a part of the chaos that Black South Africa has become. However Rondebosch was her home and there, for the rest of her life she continued to uphold the truth among her friends, neighbours and the local community.

From one of those friends we have had news of her last days and thus are glad to know that she did not suffer anymore but died peacefully in sleep. The friend wrote that he;

"....spent the previous evening with her (Saturday the 13th of September) and she was in typical good form. She was fine when I saw her and gave her a bag of spinach from Frank Lyon (also an erstwhile friend and colleague of *Candour's* founder A.K. Chesterton) only a few hours before she went on the Sunday. However, the state of her health always made her vulnerable to sudden attack.

"Moyna did not have a funeral (sic) but about 40 of us attended a 'wake' at a friend's house, where the Lord's Prayer was said and Psalm 23 sung."

Dear Moyna, she had always dreaded the thought of perhaps becoming so ill that she would have to go to Groot Schur hospital in Cape Town, and the "black" prospect of *that* would have made it's founder - Cecil Rhodes - turn in *his* grave. So God was good, and Moyna has gone to His mercy. God rest her soul. Pray for her.

R de B.

Never Apologise....

One of your Editor's favourite quotes is: *"Never explain and never apologise"* but now alas, she finds herself in a situation where she has to do both. Alas, poor *Candour,* no issue has been produced since August last - all on account of the alternate collapse of computer and printer coinciding with our two and a half week visit to the USA.

Now we have not only to explain that replacements were a "must" we also have to apologise for the necessity for having to make yet another *urgent* plea for funds to keep us solvent.

Please do remember *Candour* this Christmas and may the "Season of Good Will" find you all in a giving and *for* giving mood.

(It *is* our intention to produce a December issue of *Candour* in which we will explain how our recent successes have greatly 'upped' our financial obligations).

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The peril of our peoples lies in this very toleration in which they are taught to take so large a pride. That we are a temperate people is not to our discredit, except that everywhere our mildness is exploited. That our spirits seek peace is not an indictment against us, except that everywhere our tranquility provides soil for the cultivation of overlords who are blood-cousins to the maggot and the leech.

There is no hope of national salvation until Britons learn to look through their boasted virtue of tolerance and bring forth anger as a sword to clear away the foulness which that same tolerance has bred".

(Quote from *Creed of a Fasist Revolutionary).*

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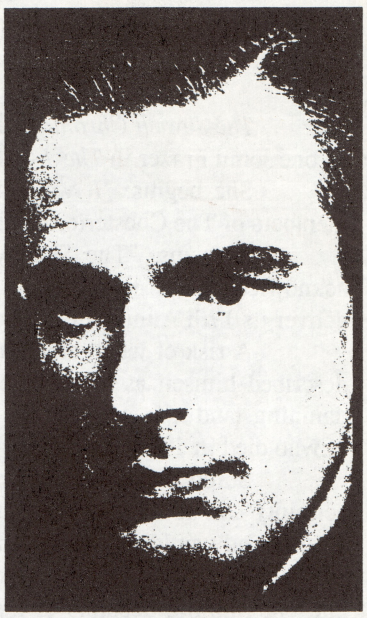

A.K. Chesterton

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